

MUSKRAT HUNTERS.

AND SOME OF THE MARVELOUS TALES THEY TELL.

Michigan Well Known Their Type When It Comes to Undisciplined and Absolutely Pure Venery, Then the Falm must be accorded the Muskrat French.

(Special Letter.)

The muskrat Frenchman is to be found dwelling in the flats along the Detroit river, near Detroit, Mich. In stature he is small, in complexion like to his native mud, in habits simple and uncleanly, in appetite satisfying himself with roast "muskrat" and whisky, washed down with whisky, little better than raw alcohol. In imagination he is wild, vivid, fanciful, extravagant.

On Monday Antoine Boudie, a true type of the muskrat Frenchman, came into Jean Baptiste Montie's saloon at Ecorse with a red and swollen nose. There was considerable excitement in the saloon. The two Clottes of Detroit were playing a game of cards with the two Montie brothers. Thedo Clotte was winning, and playing every card with a yell of triumph, a thump of his knuckles that made the table dance. "Fourteen times!" he shrieked, as he played on the last trick and chalked the score down on the table top, while the crowd, composed of unkempt, unwashed, but sympathetic muskrat Frenchmen, pressed closely around the players. The triumphant Thedo turned and beheld Antoine Boudie's nasal beacon.

"Hailo, Antoine. Ha! Ze red nose. Ware you get him?"

"Ware I get him? I tell you. You say ha, but so it is. Dees morn I tak' pall an' an' go to rivaire; walk out 'bout half acre on ice, chop hole in ice an' get wataire. Den I say, 'I tirsty; get drink.' I stoop, pool head in hole, drink wataire. Splosh! bang! Somethings by ze nose haf me fast. I geev great swar, leap, fall on ice, hear someth' strike. I rub wataire out my eye. Look. Dere on ice lie cat feesh, beeg, so long, w'at I poe' out wataire by my nose. Ah! she hurt an' bleed, but I tak' feesh an' pall an' go to house. Firs' I put feesh in muskrat on my nose feel she fuv' fine. Den I weigh feesh—20 pounds. I tak' before many beeg feesh, but not so on my nose. W'en feesh tak' nose for bait I jus' soon be couple acre off. I tell you, feesh bite my nose. How wheesky mak' red lak dat? You call me lar? You hear dat Kanuck fell? Oh! somebody hol' me! I keel him! Oh! good. All right. Yes. I tak' drink den. Lettie glass wheesky, please."

Antoine went to the bar, and the cards being dealt again the game was proceeding when the side door opened and Theophile Campau came in dragging a large sturgeon that would weigh perhaps 90 pounds. Jean Baptiste Montie turned to him with an innocently inquiring expression:

"Ha, Theophile, you got w'ale. Ware you fuv' dat drif' shore?"

"W'at! You insoul me lak dat? I fin' him on hook w'at I bait for him. You stop play card minnit I tell you quare thing. Den I get mad, I rage, I go feesh. I think I catch few leetle perch. I row out couple acre off Lighthouse Point, w'ere ice is gone off. After w'ile perch beegan bite, I pool. Splosh! Beeg sturgeon he come, ketch perch by tail; hol' him up out wataire, unhook him off hook, 'trow him in air. Perch fall back in wataire and swim 'way. Wal, I 'tink dat quare thing. Den I 'trow in 'gen. Ketch under perch. Splosh! Sturgeon save him same way by tail. Dis go on nine, ten time. Den I get mad, I rage, I go swar, I 'trow fast in air. I stamp prickly near hole in bottom boat; but when I 'trow in 'gen sturgeon come jus' lak' same time before, on'y dees time he wink at me he's eye."



"I FALL ON HICE, HEAR SOMETHING STRIKE."

"Den I 'tink. I jump up. Pool up anker out mud. Tak' one perch I ketch an' tie him 'longside anker hook so his tail come jus' to end. Den I 'trow him in. Splosh! W'en he get perch by tail dat time anker get him by nose. Den I gess he make fly. He tak' hook faster den hoss draw cart. Firs' he go up rivaire, prickly near ceety Detroit. Den he go down, go by steamboats jus' lak' she stan' still. Den, ho'm by Mr. Feesh he get tired. W'en stan' still bout 10 minnit. Den prickly quick, when he rest, he start jump out wataire. He jump once—jump twice. Den I 'tink. Tak' oar. Pool two oar in wataire ready for lak' beeg, long, queeck stroke. He jump up. Queeck stroke, awash, go boat right under him, w'en he in air. Bang! he come down, all 'rat in boat. I lak' oar—I keel him wid beeg knock on head. Ketch few more perch an' come 'shore."

Then Antoine Boudie spoke up: "Dat pritty good story, Theophile. On'y nax' time you do lak' dat, better bring feesh in w'en you ketch 'im an' not leave 'im outdooir in mud all night. I was out y'esday I see beeg sturgeon lie drif' up on mud bank. Got beeg bang on head same lak' yours. I 'tink I go out on point now—I fin' dat feesh gone—hey, Theophile!"

"W'at you 'tink, who is better lair, Antoine or Theophile?" asked Thedo Clotte of the company in general. "Me!" shouted the two storytellers without pausing in their eagerness to claim superiority, to observe the exact bearings of the remark. "You hear dat?" said Jean Baptiste

Montie. "You each haf called odder a liar. You haf your fight-set-out outside my saloon."

"I keel dat Theophile," declared Antoine savagely, leaving by the side door.

"Antoine jus' lak' dead a'ready," announced Theophile between clenched teeth, hastening from the front door. The pedra players paused long to listen, but no sound came from without. Thedo Clotte broke the silence. "I 'tink he bot' run away home as fas' as leg can carry, eh? I weech Theophile tak' hees sturgeon wis him."

"Thirteen time," shouted Jean Baptiste Montie, as he banged down a win-



"SWISH! GO BOAT RIGHT UNDER HIM!"

ring card on the table, and the game went on.

POSTMEN OF HAVANA.

Ingenuous Devices by Which They Increased Their Pay.

Under the Spanish system Mr. Rathbone found that the letter carriers received their pay by charging from 3 to 5 cents, and sometimes more, for every letter they delivered. It took only a day or two to have that system abolished in Havana, much to the relief of the merchants. The carriers were put on salaries equivalent to that which they were supposed to earn by the assessment method they were permitted to use under the former regime. The carriers under the Spanish system not only charged for the delivery of mail matter, but they rifled letters freely, and made money by stealing things from mail matter and selling them. The letters and other goods of mail matter would be forwarded without stamps, and the carriers at the other end of the route would collect not only for delivery, but for the stamps that had been stolen. There was simply an unparalleled looseness in the conduct of postoffice business, and every man seemed to have license to steal wherever he came. Even newspapers would be stolen from bundles and sold for whatever could be got for them. Another form of corruption was evident when the salary lists were examined. There was no scale of salaries. In one city a postmaster would receive twice the salary that the postmaster of a larger city received. Salaries seemed to be arranged on the "pull" plan, with the possibilities of division with the appointing power afterward. Places that under the liberal payment of the United States would rate at \$1,500 a year were worth frequently as much as \$3,000 a year.—Harper's Weekly.

The Tables Turned.

Birds, we know, are sometimes trained to fire off pistols, as well as to perform other unusual feats, but it is not often that a wild bird in the woods shoots a man with his own gun, as related in "South American Sketches" by Robert Crawford. A pavo del monte, a bird of Uruguay not unlike the turkey, had been winged by a hunter. It fell to the ground, but was at once on its feet, and ran away. Throwing his gun hastily aside, the hunter started in pursuit, and a game of hide-and-seek ensued. In and out of the brushwood the pavo ran, and the man followed. In one of its doublings and turnings the bird passed over the gun, which was lying on the ground, and its foot caused to strike against the trigger of the undischarged barrel, the hammer of which, in the hurry of the moment, had been left at full cock. There was a loud report, followed by an exclamation of pain from the man. The bird escaped, and the luckless hunter had an ugly wound in the fleshy part of his leg to remind him for weeks afterward of the adventure.

Headless Wrong.

There has been much complaint, and with ample cause, of the harsh treatment which incoming ocean passengers receive from the government officials who examine their baggage. Just now comes the pleasant announcement that the rigor of these proceedings is to be relaxed. But not all the wrong has been on one side. The same low standard of citizenship which makes men hide their property from the assessors of taxes has led thoughtful Americans, who go abroad and make purchases, to justify the practice of smuggling and of corrupting the officers. But they who give and they who take a bribe are parties to an act of dishonesty. "It is as wicked to cheat the postoffice as to cheat a friend," said the noble old President Franklin. We may apply that formula to all departments of government. To defraud the revenue is to defraud the whole people.

Typewriters Nearly 300 Years Ago.

It is generally supposed that the typewriting machine is quite a modern invention, but there is a record in the archives in the English patent office for 1714 of an application for a patent for such a machine. Exactly 100 years later the firm of Bain & Wright applied for a similar grant, and the construction of their machine afforded a basis that enabled a Mr. Thurber, at Worcester, to improve the system. In the year 1851 a Frenchman named Poulain obtained an English patent for a very ingeniously conceived writing machine, which was shown in the great exhibition of the same year and created no small sensation.

Too Many Workers.

Philander—Instead of going around and begging, why don't you go to work and earn your living? I believe you don't want to work. The Bum—Say, boss, there's so many others working that I don't see as it would be important whether I help 'em or not.

EARL MADE A KNIGHT

CONFERRING THE ORDER UPON EARL OF LUCAN.

Ladies in Full Court Dress—The Viceregal Staff to Glistening Uniforms and Sir Arthur Vicer, Under King-at-Arms, a Striking Figure.

Gen. George Bingham, fourth earl of Lucan, late colonel of the British life guards, was made a Knight of St. Patrick recently, in place of the late Earl of Caledon. Although Lord Lucan cannot boast an ancient title—the barony dating only from 1776 and the earldom from 1795—he comes of a distinguished family, whose historic record begins in the reign of Elizabeth. His chief title to distinction, however, is vested in the fact that he is the son of his father, field-marshal, the Earl of Lucan of Crimean fame, to whom



THE EARL OF LUCAN.

he served as A. D. C. in the same campaign, winning there the decorations of the Legion of Honor and the Medjidie.

The English Garter, the Scotch Thistle and the Irish St. Patrick are the three most distinguished orders of knighthood in the United Kingdom. That of St. Patrick was the latest instituted, its date of inception being the year 1783. Like the Order of the Thistle, it has always been reserved for noblemen, natives of the country, made worthy of such distinction by knightly actions, great deeds or high moral qualities. It has also enrolled much members of the royal family as it has sought to honor. Previous to the act of disestablishment the installations were held in St. Patrick's cathedral, where above the several stalls are still suspended the helmets and banners of those who held the order at that period. But the church has been divorced by the state, and the ceremony to-day is purely lay, and is performed in the castle in St. Patrick's hall. It is a noble chamber, decorated in white and gold, against which the crimson chair of state stands out in bold relief, overshadowed by the six royal standards. From the walls are suspended fourteen banners of the knights created since the secularization of the order.

A blare of trumpets announced the opening of the medieval drama, as the Chamberlain, Godolphin, and a train of ladies in black and white, came in and took their seats at each side of the chapter table, which was prosaically covered in blue cloth, and served with blotting pads. Then the national anthem heralded the procession of his excellency, who was resplendent in the blue-deel robes and jeweled insignia of the grand master of the order. His flowing mantle held up by two small pages similarly caparisoned. The viceregal staff was in attendance, in glittering uniform, and Sir Arthur Vicer, Under King-at-Arms, who was an imposing and dignified figure in a massive gold-and-crimson tabard and quaint Elizabethan ruff. At the command, "Alister, summon the knights!" he disappeared, almost instantly reappeared, like a quick-change artist, in a circling crimson cloak, heading the knights companions, thirteen in number, who, walking in order of seniority, took their seats on the left of the chapter table, where was one vacant seat soon to be filled by the hero of the function. The knights were habited in their blue mantles and insignia, and, with the staff of his excellency, they made a magnificent tableau. The roll was then called, her majesty's warrant read, and, preceded by the official rod of the gentleman usher, Lord Charlemont, a time-old official of the vice-royalty, the Earl of Lucan was presented to the grand master, who, taking a sword from an aide-de-camp, dubbed the gallant knight. "Knights, he immediately retired, to return in a few minutes, summoned by a fanfare and accompanied by the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." The procession on this occasion was interesting and striking. The junior knights, Lords Arran and Roberts, conducted the earl between them to the chair of state. His heraldic properties were severally borne by the different officers of the order. Alibone, pursuivant of arms, led in the pageant, and the banner was held by the Marquis of Hamilton. He himself wore the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel of the First life guards, his medals glistening on his scarlet tunic.

After signing the statutory declaration, read by the chamberlain, he was robed by the senior knight, Lord Liswell and Kenmare, to the accompaniment of the prescribed anthems. When finally girded with the sword, and enveloped in the mantle, a fanfare greeted the unfurling of the new knight's banner, and Ulster, in a resonant and clear voice, declared his titles, as already recited, with the addition of his new investiture. Ulster then concluded the ceremony by rehearsing the duties of the knights present, each knight rising to his name and remaining standing while the list of his dignities was read. A trying ordeal. The most illustrious tale was that of the heroic Lord Roberts, who, though short of stature, was second to none in gallant bearing and dignity of

mien. As the Victoria Cross ended the recital, and the brave soldier bowed himself back to his stall, a cheer rose from the general company, and the ladies clapped their hands and raised their fans aloft.

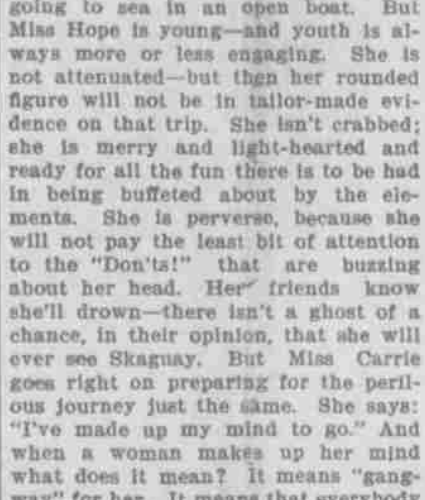
WILL SAIL TO ALASKA.

A girl in an open boat bound from Seattle to Skagway, Alaska—that is the sight which will shortly astonish the natives of northwest and north. Miss Carrie Hope, pretty, plucky, youthful and perverse, is soon to set sail—a funny little three-cornered sail it is, too—upon the black coast oceanway in search of fortune. If she fails of fortune she will certainly gain notoriety and experience. One can promise her that beforehand. As to the making of the journey in safety, without freezing the tip off her saucy nose or losing at least one ear by the same process, that is something which old Neptune may have an idea or two about. It isn't every day in the century that a pretty mermaid comes sailing her way abreast of the salt, salt billows, and Miss Hope is more than likely to be gathered greedily into his green embrace before she has time to say her prayers and wish she had never, never left home. "I will be a wildly venturesome voyage, this one of Miss Hope's planning. It she should ask any insurance man, near or far, to write her out a policy beforehand, he would doubtless shake his head and say: "Not on your life!" If he didn't decline to insure her he ought to be examined by the commissioners of lunacy. Were Miss Hope a scrawny spinster, crabbed and otherwise uninteresting, nobody would be particularly concerned at the announcement that she intended to tempt Providence by such a prank as going to sea in an open boat. But Miss Hope is young—and youth is always more or less engaging. She is not attenuated—but then her rounded figure will not be in tailor-made evidence on that trip. She isn't crabbed; she is merry and light-hearted and ready for all the fun there is to be had in being buffeted about by the elements. She is a person, because she will not pay the least bit of attention to the "Don'ts!" that are buzzing about her head. Her friends know she'll drown—there isn't a ghost of a chance, in their opinion, that she will ever see Skagway. But Miss Carrie goes right on preparing for the perilous journey just the same. She says: "I've made up my mind to go. And when a woman makes up her mind what does it mean? It means 'gangway' for her. It means that everybody must stand aside while she passes. Miss Hope's home on the water will be a catboat. She is looking about for somebody to help her keep house in the small craft that is to carry her to Skagway. She wants a girl companion. But volunteer sailors among girls are scarce—so scarce, indeed, that it looks as though Miss Hope would have none but her own company on route. Sailing is by no means a novelty with the petticoated mariner. She was born on Long Island and has had practical experience with nautical matters. But that does not lessen the danger of the trip contemplated by the young woman. To sail placid lakes and bays and rivers is one thing. To brave the fury of rolling seas and ocean gales is quite another. If Miss Hope lives to tell the tale, it ought to be an interesting one. Girls have queer notions of things, anyhow, and never before did they enjoy so much liberty in the carrying out of their ideas. People will say that Miss Hope is foolhardy in attempting such na-

500,000 FAMILIES

RELY ON PE-RU-NA.

W. H. B. Williams, publisher of The Farmers' Industrial Union, in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman says: "I have used Pe-ru-na as a family medicine for several years. I find it of especial use for myself. I have had several tedious spells with systemic catarrh and before using Pe-ru-na I had tried several



other remedies with little or no success. But in Pe-ru-na I found a prompt and sure cure. I always keep the remedy which promptly relieves any attack of the same malady. "My wife also uses Pe-ru-na. She finds it of especial use for severe spells, to which she is subject. We always keep it in the house as a family medicine. We think it an excellent remedy for the various ills to which children are subject, especially climatic diseases. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on family medicine."

The Malady of Oblivion. "Alice and Edgar are awfully in love." "How do you know?" "I met them dawdling along together in the rain yesterday. They both wore new spring clothes and had no umbrellas."

No More "Ordinary" Sleepers.

Some time ago the Pullman Company, as an experimental measure, introduced "Ordinary" sleeping car service on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Baltimore and Newark, and Pittsburgh and Chicago. The results to the Railroad Company were very gratifying, but subsequently it was ascertained the Pullman Company was not in position to furnish this class of equipment to all roads operating Pullman cars east of Chicago and St. Louis, and to allay any friction that might result from this inequality of service, the Pullman Company requested the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to resume the standard cars previously in service, which will be done commencing April 10.

A Domestic Outcast. "You go home late, Billy; is your wife cleaning house?" "No, she's only cleaning clothes pressen. When she gets to cleaning house she doesn't let me come home at all."

What "Alabastine" Is.

"Alabastine is a durable and natural coating for walls and ceilings. It is entirely different from all 'kalsomine' preparations. Alabastine comes in white or twelve beautiful tints, and is ready for use by adding cold water. It is put up in dry powder form in five-pound packages, with full directions on every package. Alabastine is handsome, cleanly and permanent. It can be re-coated and retinted at slight expense. Paint dealers and druggists sell Alabastine and furnish card of tints."

"Pauline didn't break her heart over that faithful man, after all." "No, she convinced herself out if she had married him he would have tyrannized over her dreadfully."

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Itching, Burning, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Patricio Explanation.

Teacher—"John, illustrate the difference between sit and set." Bright and Patriotic Boy—"The United States is a country in which the sun never sets and the rest of the world never sits."—Detroit Journal.

Shim-Milk Made Useful.

A new use has been discovered for milk, and fortunately it is skim-milk that is this time in request. It is wanted to make sizing, to be used by paper manufacturers in the glazing of paper of a fine quality. Heretofore, for the accomplishing of this purpose, a superior grade of glue, with other ingredients, has been used. It is claimed that a much better and cheaper sizing can be obtained from skim-milk. To prepare the milk it is put into a vat, treated with chemicals, and heated until curd is formed, the curd being then washed, pressed and ground fine, after which it is put into large drying kiln, where it is dried in about twelve hours, and is put in bags ready for shipment.

Fly in the Ointment.

Jimson, who had just won the capital prize of \$15,000 in a foreign lottery, on being notified the same day of a raise in salary of \$20 a month, said: "Ye gods, how I could have enjoyed this if I hadn't made that strike in the lottery!"

WOMAN'S WORK NOT VALUED.

Made to Feel That Only Men Do Wor That Counts in the World's Affairs.

"It is unreasonable to expect that a man, with his purely masculine conception of things, can ever fully appreciate woman's work in the home any more than a woman can be expected to understand fully a man's work in the outer world," writes Edward Bok of "What Women Find to Do All Day" in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "But so far women have acquired a truer conception of men's work than men have of women's work. I firmly believe that if men were more appreciative of women's work in the home and regarded housewifery as a profession and a responsible one, deserving of the highest respect, and requiring quite as much brains and education as any masculine profession, there would be fewer women looking for broader fields of work and more responsible duties. Men have made women feel too keenly that it is what the man does; that it is his profession which moves the world, and that the work which a woman does in her home is, while necessary, yet hardly to be compared with a man's achievements. It is this holding up the greater importance of the work of the outside world which has driven many an ambitious woman into that world to become a part of it and thus acquire a position of more apparent importance. Not given recognition in their natural work, women have gone out and tried work that is unnatural to them."

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WOMEN are assailed at every turn by troubles peculiar to their sex. Every mysterious ache or pain is a symptom. These distressing sensations will keep on coming unless properly treated.

The history of neglect is written in the worn faces and wasted figures of our women, every one of whom may receive the invaluable advice of Mrs. Pinkham, without charge, by writing to her at Lynn, Mass.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been a constant sufferer for nearly three years. Had inflammation of the womb, leucorrhoea, heart trouble, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, ached all over, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. My heart trouble was so bad that some nights I was compelled to sit up in bed or get up and walk the floor, for it seemed as though I should smother. More than once I have been obliged to have the doctor visit me in the middle of the night. I was also very nervous and fretful. I was utterly discouraged. One day I thought I would write and see if you could do anything for me. I followed your advice and now I feel like a new woman. All those dreadful troubles I have no more, and I have found Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash a sure cure for leucorrhoea. I am very thankful for your good advice and medicine."



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"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

SAPOLIO

IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

The Pullman tourist sleepers in daily service on the Santa Fe Route are of the new pattern, with seats of rain. There's nothing so hot, stuffy and disagreeable in summer as fabric cushions and backs. This is one reason of many why the Santa Fe is the best line to New Mexico, Arizona and California during warm weather.

J. P. HALL, General Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., Denver, Colo.

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(Dunkards.)

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